

THE 1490. m 37.  
True-Born Englishman.

SATYR.

*Statuimus Pacem, & Securitatem, & Concordiam Judicium & Justitiam inter Ang  
& Normannos, Francos & Britones, Wallia, & Cornubia, Pictos & Scot  
Albania, similiter inter Francos & Insulanos Provincia, & Patrias, quae pertine  
ad Coramam nostram, & inter omnes nobis Subiectos, firmiter & inviolabiliter  
servari.*

Charter Regis Willielmi Conquistoris de Pacis Publica, Cap. 1.

Note, This is Printed Word for Word from the Shilling Book.

The PREFACE.

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, tho he doubts the Work of Conversion is at a general Stop, has put his Hand to the Plow.—I expect a Storm of ill Language from the Fury of the Town; and especially from those whole English Talent it is to Rain. And without being taken for a Conjuror, I may venture to foretell, That I shall be Cavil'd at above Mean Stile, Rough Verse, and Incorrect Language; Things I might indeed have taken more Care. But the Book is Printed; and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them. And this is all I thin needful to say to them.—Possibly someby may take me for a Dutchman; in which they they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers & to Governors also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries, for belonging to a Nation that wants Manners.—I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give reason but our ill Nature for the contrary here.—Methinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd A Goodfellow, shou'd be civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.—As to Vices, who can dispute our Intemperance whilst an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a man's Praise? All our Reformations are Banters and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without Blushing.—As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James at his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneasiness und him: These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguish'd, are the People aimed at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactors that I could be glad to see it rectified.—They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowly, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of Pindar. His Words are these;

But in this Thankless World, the Givers  
Are envy'd even by th' Receivers:  
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,  
Rather to hide than pay an Obligation.

Nay, 'tis much worse than so;  
It now an Artifice doth grow,  
Wrongs and Outrages to do,  
Lest men should think we owe.

## The Introduction.

**S**peak, *Satyr*; for there's none can tell like thee,  
 Whether 'tis Folly, Pride, or Knavery,  
 That makes this discontented Land appear  
 Less happy now in Times of Peace, than War:  
 Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more  
 Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,  
*And men are always honest in Disgrace:*

The Court-Preferments make men Knaves in course:  
 But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.

'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,  
 Wou'd Foreigners their Perquisites resign:

The Grand Contentions plainly to be seen,  
 To get some men put out, and some put in.

For this our S—rs make long Harangues,  
 And florid M—rs whet their polish'd Tongues.

*Statesmen are always sick of one Disease:*  
*And a good Pension gives them present Ease.*

That's the Specifick makes them all content  
 With any King, and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,  
 And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:

But when the *Sov'reign Balsam's* once apply'd,  
 The Zealot never fails to change his Side.

And when he must the *Golden Key* resign,  
 The *Railing Spirit* comes about again.

*Who shall this Bubbl'd Nation disabuse,*  
 While they their own Felicities refuse?

Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pother,  
 And now are falling out with one another:

With needless Fears the jealous Nation fill,  
*And always have been sav'd against their Will:*

Who Fifty Millions *Sterling* have disburs'd,  
 To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.

Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,  
 And yet uneasily obey the New.

Search, *Satyr*, search, a deep Incision make;  
 The *Poyson's* strong, the *Antidote's* too weak.

'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,  
 And down-right English *Englishmen* confute.

Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride;  
 And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide.

To *Englishmen* their own beginnings show,  
*And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so.*

Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,  
 And Nations into long Oblivion cast;

To Old *Britannia's* Youthful Days retire,  
 And there for *True-Born Englishmen* enquire.

*Britannia* freely will disown the Name,  
 And hardly knows her self from whence they came:

Wonders that They of all men shou'd pretend  
 To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend.



Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,  
And fetch the dark Original from Hell:  
Speak, *Satan*, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True-Born Englishman. Part I.

\* **W**herever God erects a House of Prayer,  
The Devil always builds a Chappel there:  
And 'twill be found upon Examination,  
The latter has the largest Congregation;  
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind, An English Proverb  
where God has a  
Church, the Devil  
has a Chappel.  
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.  
With Uniformity of Service, he  
Reigns with a general Aristocracy.  
No Nonforming Sects disturb his Reign,  
For of his Yoak there's very few complain.  
He knows the Genius and the Inclination,  
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.  
He needs no Standing-Army Government;  
He always rules us by our own Consent:  
His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway  
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.  
The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,  
Outdoes your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*.  
They never fail of his Infernal Aid,  
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.  
Through all the World they spread his vast Command,  
And Death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd.  
They rule so politickly and so well,  
As if they were *L* — *J* — of Hell.  
Duly divided to debauch Mankind,  
And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.

*Pride*, the First Peer, and President of Hell,  
To his share *Spain*, the largest Province, sell.  
The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow  
On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;  
With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;  
*Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo*;  
Because he knew their Genius was such;  
Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.  
So proud a People, so above their Fate,  
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State,  
Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,  
And Proudly starve, because they scorn to save.  
Never was Nation in the World before,  
So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.

*Lust* chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,  
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy;  
Where swelling Veins o'reflow with living Streams,  
With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvius* Flames;  
Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,  
And human Body of the Soil partakes,



There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,  
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires;  
Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,  
Th' Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

*Drunk'ns*, the Darling Favourite of Hell,  
Chose *Germany* to rule; and rules so well,  
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,  
None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.  
The running Art it manages so well,  
He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell.  
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,  
He cares not to what Deity they Pray,  
What God they Worship most, or in what way,  
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,  
They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,  
Where Mankind lives in haste, and thrives by Chance,  
A Dancing Nation, Fickle and Untrue;  
Have oft undone themselves, and others too;  
Prompt the Infernal Dictates to obey,  
And in Hell's Favour, none more great than they.

The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,  
And Personally rules with Arbitrary Sway;  
The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title stands;  
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands,  
There with full Gust th' Ambition of his Mind  
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.  
Worshipp'd as God, his *Painim* Altars smoke,  
Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

There rest by Deputies he rules as well,  
And plants the distant Colonies of Hell,  
By them his secret Power he maintains,  
*And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.*

By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Russ* by Folly;  
Fury the *Dane*; The *Swede* by Melancholly;  
By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovete*;  
The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit;  
Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate;  
And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate;  
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he subdues;  
*And God has giv'n him leave to rule th: Jews;*  
*Aage* rules the *Portuguese*; and Fraud the *Scotch*;  
Revenge the *Pole*; and Avarice the *Dutch*.

*Satyr* be kind, and draw a silent Velt,  
Thy *Native England's* Vices to conceal;  
Or if that Task's impossible to do,  
At least be just, and show her Virtues too;  
Too Great the first, Alas! the last too Few.

*England* unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;  
Happy, had she remain'd so to this day,  
And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.



*The First-born Englishman*  
Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,  
The Merchants Glory these, and those, the Swains,  
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,  
Who conquer her as oft as they Invade her.  
So Beauty guarded but by Innocence,  
That ruins her which should be her Defence.

Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown,  
Possess'd her very early for his own.  
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,  
Who Satan's worst Perfections does inherit;  
Second to him in Malice and in Force,  
All Devil without, and all within him Worse.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,  
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd;  
By several Crowds of Wandring Thieves o're-run,  
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.  
While ev'ry Nation that her Pow'rs reduc'd,  
Their Language is and Manners introduc'd  
From whose mixt Relicks our compounded Breed,  
By Spurious Generation does succeed;  
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,  
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The Romans first with *Julius Cæsar* came,  
Including all the Nations of that Name,  
*Gauls, Greeks and Lombards*; and by Computation,  
Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation,  
With *Hengist, Saxons*; *Danes* with *Sueno* came,  
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.  
*Scots, Picts, and Irish* from the *Hibernian Shore*,  
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o're.

All these their Barb'rous Offspring left behind,  
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;  
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,  
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began  
That vain, ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.  
The Customs, Surnames, Languages, and Manners,  
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:  
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,  
They ha' left a *Shiboleth* upon our Tongue;  
By which with easy search you may distinguish  
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great Invading \* *Norman* let us know \* *Win the*  
What Conquerors in After-Times might do. *Conq.*  
To ev'ry \* *Musqueteer* he brought to Town,  
He gave the Lands which never were his own. \* *Or Archer.*  
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,  
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.  
No Reassumptions in his Reign were known,  
*D'avenant* might there ha' let his Book alone.  
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband;  
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.  
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station, And

And made them all Freeholders of the Nation,  
He canon'd out the Country to his Men,  
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.  
The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords,  
To please their Upstart Pride with new-made Words;  
And Doomsday-Book his Tyranny records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree  
That so exalts our Poor Nobility;  
'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,  
Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive,  
The Trophies of the Families appear;  
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,  
Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth, did wear.  
These in the Heralds Register remain,  
Their Noble Mean Extraction to explain.  
Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,  
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel;  
The silent Record blushes to reveal  
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass;  
A *True-Born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?  
A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,  
To prove his well-descended Family.  
Conquest, as by the \* *Moderns* 'tis express'd,  
May give a Title to the Lands possess'd;  
But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,  
To make a *Frenchman* *English*, that's the Devil.

\* Dr. Sherl.  
De Facto.

These are the Heroes that despise the *Dutch*,  
And rail at new-come Foreigners so much;  
Forgetting, that themselves are all deriv'd  
From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd.  
A horrid Medley of Thieves and Drones,  
Who ranack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopl'd Towns.  
The *Pict* and Painted *Britain*, Treach'rous *Scot*,  
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.  
*Norwegian* Pirates, *Buccaneering Danes*,  
Whose Red-hair'd Offspring ev'ry where remains.  
Who join'd with *Norman-French*, compound the Breed  
From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed.

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended,  
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended,  
Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,  
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care;  
We have been *Europe's* Sink, the *Jakes* where she  
Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.  
From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands,  
Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands,  
Have here a certain Sanctuary found;  
*The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond*.  
Where in but half a common Age of Time,  
Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,  
Proudly they learn all mankind to contemn,  
And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

*Dutch,*

# The True-Born Englishman.

*Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots,  
Fauconer and Valtolins, and Hugonots,*

In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,  
Supply'd us with Three hundred thousand Men.

Religion, God we thank thee, sent them hither,

Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:

Of all Professions, and of every Trade,

All that were persecuted or afraid:

Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,

David at *Hackelab* was still their Head.

The Off spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,

Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,

But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes

At Foreign Shoals of *Interloping Scots*.

The \* Royal Branch from *Pitt-land* did succeed,

With Troops of *Scots* and *Scabs* from *North-by-Tweed*.

The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign,

Made him and half his Nation *Englishmen*.

*Scots* from the Northern Frozen Banks of *Tay*,

With Packs and Ploids came Whigging all away:

Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,

With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd:

With Native Truth, Diseases, and no Money,

Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.

Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,

And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen*.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,

Which always use to make the Nation thrive,

Made way for all that strolling Congregation,

Which throng'd in Pious *Ch—*'s Restoration.

The Royal Refugee our Breed restore,

With Foreign Courtiers, and with Foreign Whores:

And carefully repeopled us again,

Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,

With such a blest and True-born *English Fry*,

As much Illustrates our Nobility.

A Gratitude which will so black appear,

As future Ages must abhor to hear:

When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,

Which stream'd in *Lindsey's* and *Caernarvon's* Blood:

Bold *Strafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Lisle*,

Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile.

The Loss of whom, in order to supply

With True-Born *English Nobility*,

Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign,

The Labours of *Italian C—*ing

*French P—*ing, *Tabby S—*ing, and *Cambrian*.

Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,

Whose Females Glories shade them from my Song.

This Offspring, if one Age they multiply,

May half the House with *English Peers* supply:

There



There with true *English* Pride they may condemn  
S—g and P—d, new-made Noblemen.

*French Cooks, Scotch Pedlars, and Italian Whores,*  
Were all made Lords, or Lords Progenitors.  
Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,  
Much multiply'd the Peerage of the Nation;  
Who will be all, ere one short Age runs o're,  
As True-Born Lords as those we had before.

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,  
And heat the latent Breaches of the Wars;  
The Pious Purpose better to advance,  
H' invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*;  
Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,  
Some for Religion came, and some for Bread;  
Two Hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shoes,  
Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose;  
To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,  
To make us starve our Poor in Charity.  
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,  
To get a Race of *True-Born Englishmen*;  
Whose Children will, When riper Years they see,  
Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we;  
Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,  
Be surly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,  
That Het'rogenous Thing, *An Englishman*;  
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begor,  
Betwixt a Painted *Brittan* and a *Scot*;  
Whose gend'ring Offspring quickly learnt to bow,  
And yoke their Heifers to the *Roman* Plough;  
From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race there came,  
With neither Name nor Nation, Speech or Fame.  
In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,  
Infus'd betwixt a *Saxon* and a *Dane*.  
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,  
Received all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.  
This Nauseous Brood directly did contain  
The well-extracted Blood of *Englishmen*.

Which Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,  
A Rhapsody of Nations to supply,  
Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,  
And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.

The Western Angles all the rest subdu'd;  
A boody Nation, barbarous and rude:  
Who by the Tenure of the Sword possess  
One part of *Britain*, and subdu'd the r st.  
And as great things denominate the small,  
The Conqu'ring Part gave Title to the Whole.  
The *Scot, Pict, Britain, Roman, Dane* submit,  
And with the *English Saxon* all unite:  
And these the Mixture have so close pursu'd,  
The very Name and Memory's subdu'd.

No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain,  
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain;  
The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,  
And *Englishman's* the common Name for all.  
Fate jumbld them together, God knows how;  
Whate'er they were, they're *True-Born English* now.

The Wonder which remains is at our Pride,  
To value that which all wise men deride.  
For *Englishman* to boast of Generation,  
Cancels their Knowledge, and lampoons the Nation!  
A *True-Born Englishman's* a Contradiction,  
In Speech an Irony, in Fact a Fiction.  
A Banter made to be a Test of Fools,  
Which those that use it justly ridicules.  
A Metaphor invented to express  
A man *a-kin* to all the Universe.

For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha' said,  
Throughout the World their Wandring Seed ha' spread,  
So open-handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,  
Has all the Gleanings of the World receiv'd.

Some think of *England* 'twas our Saviour meant,  
The Gospel should to all the World be sent:  
Since when the blessed Sound did hither reach,  
They to all Nations might be said to Preach.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,  
Else God knows where we had our Gentry;  
Since scarce one Family is left alive,  
Which does not from some Foreigner derive.  
Of Sixty thousand *English* Gentlemen,  
Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,  
We challenge all our Heralds to declare  
Ten Families which *English-Saxons* are.

*France* justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line  
Of Bourbon, Mommorency, and Lorrain.  
The Germans too their House of Austria show,  
And Holland their Invincible Nassau.  
Lines which in Heraldry were Ancient grown,  
Before the Name of Englishman was known.  
Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glory shows,  
Her Gourdoons, Hamiltons, and her Monroes;  
Dowglas, Mackays, and Grahams, Names well known,  
Long before Ancient *England* knew her own.

But *England*, modern to the last degree,  
Borrows or makes her own Nobility,  
And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree:  
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,  
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:  
Her S---lls, S---ls, C---ls, De---M---rs,  
M---ns and M---ues, D---s and V---rs,  
Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers.

Your H—ns, P—lons, and L—liers,  
Pals now for True-Born Knights and Squires,  
And made good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.  
Wealth, howsoever got, in England makes  
Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes.  
Antiquity and Birth are needles here ;  
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a P—r.  
Innumerable City-Knights we know,  
From Blew-Coat Hospitals and Bridewell flow.

Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,  
And Footboys Magisterial Purple wear.  
Fate has but very small Distinction set  
Betwixt the Counter and the Coronet.  
Tarpaulin Lords, Pages of high Renown,  
Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own.  
Great Families of yesterday we shew,  
And Lords, whose Parents were the Lord of

PART II.

**T**HE Breed's describ'd : Now, Satyr, if you can,  
Their Temper show, for Manners make the Man.  
Fierce as the Britain, as the Roman Brave ;  
And less inclin'd to Conquer than to Save :  
Eager to fight, and lavish of their Blood :  
And equally of Fear and Forecast void.  
The Pict has made 'em Sowre, the Dane Morose ;  
False from the Scot, and from the Norman worse.  
What Honesty they have, the Saxon gave them,  
And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.  
The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold ;  
And often Beef their Courage does uphold :  
No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,  
Always provided that their Belly's full.  
In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,  
For gen'rally what'er they know, they speak :  
And often their own Councils undermine  
By their Infirmary, and not design.  
From whence the Learned say it does proceed,  
That English Treasons never can succeed :  
For they're so open-hearted, you may know  
Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double Pay,  
Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggarly :  
So lavish of their Money and their Time,  
That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime.  
Good Drunken Company is their Delight ;  
And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.  
Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,  
But Drink their Youth away, and hurry on Old Age  
Empty of good Husbandry and Sense ;  
And void of Manners most, when void of Pence.  
Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,  
They always talk too little, or too much.  
So dull, they never take the pains to think ;  
And seldom are good-natur'd, but in Drink.

In English Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,  
For which they'll starve themselves and Families.  
An Englishman will fairly drink as much  
As will maintain Two Families of Dutch :  
Subjecting all their Labours to the Pots ;  
The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots.  
The Country Poor do by Example live ;  
The Gentry Lead them, and the Clergy drive :  
What may we not from such Examples hope ?  
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.  
A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,  
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,  
As wile men think there is some cause to doubt,  
Will purge Good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,  
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice.  
The Learned Men who study Aristotle,  
Correct him with an Explanation-Bottle ;  
Praise Epicurus rather than Lyfander,

And Arisippus more than Alexander.  
The Doctors too their Galen here resign,  
And gen'rally prescribe Specifick Wine.  
The Graduates Study's grown an easier Task,  
While for the Urinal they toss the Flask.  
The Surgeons Art grows plainer ev'ry Hour,  
And Wine's the Balm which into Wounds they  
Poets long since Parnassus have forsaken,  
And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken.  
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,  
And good King Bacchus reigneth in his stead :  
He does the Chaos of the Head refine,  
And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine.  
The Inspiration's of a finer Nature ;  
As Wine must needs excel Parnassus water.  
Statelmen their weighty Politicks refine,  
And Soldiers raise their Courages by Vine.  
Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,  
And lets them all drink Vine to clear the Voice.  
Some think the Clergy first found out the wine  
And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray  
But others less prophane than so, agree,  
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory :  
And therefore all of them Divinely think,  
Instead of Study, 'tis as well to arink.

And here I wou'd be very glad to know,  
Whether our Asgilities may drink or no.  
Th' Enlight'ning Fumes of Wine would certain  
Assist them much when they begin to fly :  
Or if a Fiery Chariot should appear,  
Inflam'd by Wine, they'd ha' the less to fear.

Even the gods themselves, as Mortals say,  
Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they  
Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,  
They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to Think  
But English Drunkards, gods and men outdo,  
Drink their Estates away, and Senses too.

Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fail  
To help him out, and dye at last in Gaol :  
His Wealthy Uncle sent a Hundred Nobles,  
To pay his Trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles.  
But Colon, like a True-Born Englishman,  
Drank all the Money out in bright Champaign.  
And Colon does in Costody remain.  
Drunk'ness has been the Darkling of the Realm  
E'er since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,  
That each man goes his own By-way to Heaven  
Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,  
That ev'ry man pursues it sep'rately,  
And fancies none can find the way but he :  
So shy of one another they are grown,  
As if they strove to get to Heaven alone.  
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,  
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have :



## The True-Born Englishman.

## PART II.

It makes them so ill-natur'd and Uncivil,  
 That all men think an Englishman the Devil.  
 Hurly to Strangers, Forward to their Friend;  
 Mut to Love with a reluctant Mind;  
 Would to be ungrateful and unkind.  
 By Necessity reduc'd to ask,  
 Giver has the difficultest Task:  
 What's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,  
 And always Take less freely than they Give.  
 Obligation is their highest Grief;  
 And never love, where they accept Relief.  
 Sullen in their Sorrows, that 'tis known,  
 They'll rather dye than their Afflictions own:  
 And if reliev'd, it is too often true,  
 That they'll abuse their Benefactors too:  
 In Distress their Haughty Stomach's such,  
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much.  
 Proud contented, often in the wrong;  
 And to be pleas'd at all, and never long.  
 If your Mistakes their Ill Opinion gain,  
 Merit can their Favour reobtain:  
 And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,  
 Their unconstant Temper does secure ye:  
 Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns;  
 All's condens'd before the Flame returns:  
 The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,  
 The Humid damps the Fume, yet runs it all to Water.  
 Tho' the Inclination may be strong,  
 They're pleas'd by Fits, and never angry long.  
 When if Good Nature shows some sterner proof,  
 They never think they have Reward enough:  
 Like our Modern Quakers of the Town,  
 Expect your Manners, and return you none.  
 Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,  
 Which all men seek, but very few can find:  
 All the Nations in the Universe,  
 Can't talk on't more, or understand it less:  
 If it does their Property annoy,  
 Their Property their Friendship will destroy.  
 As you discourage them, you shall hear them tell  
 Things in which they think they do excell:  
 Panegyrick needs their Praise record;  
 An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word,  
 His first Discourses generally appear  
 Pologu'd with his own wondrous Character:  
 Then, to illustrate his own good Name,  
 He never fails his Neighbour to defame:  
 And yet he really designs no wrong;  
 His Malice goes no further than his Tongue.  
 Not pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,  
 To satisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale.  
 His own dear Prailes close the ample Speech,  
 Tells you how Wise he is; that is, how Rich:  
 His Wealth is Wisdom; he that's Rich is wise;  
 And all men Learned Poverty despise.  
 His Generosity comes next, and then  
 Concludes that he's a True-Born Englishman;  
 And they, 'tis known, are Generous and Free,  
 Forgetting, and Forgiving Injury:  
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,  
 Forgiving Ill Turns, and Forgetting Good.  
 Careful in Labour when they've undertook it;  
 Out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.  
 If their Belly and their Pocket's full,  
 They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull:  
 And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,

It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.  
 As for their general Vices which we find  
 They're guilty of in common with Mankind,  
 Satyr, forbear, and silently endure;  
 We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure.  
 Nor shall my Verie the brighter Sex defame;  
 For English Beauty will preserve her Name.  
 Beyond dispute, Agreeable and Fair;  
 And Modeller than other Nations are:  
 For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation  
 Is want of Money, more than Inclination,  
 In general, this only is allow'd,  
 They're something Noisy, and a little Proud.  
 An Englishman is gentlest in Command;  
 Obedience is a Stranger in the Land:  
 Hardly subjected to the Magistrate;  
 For Englishmen do all subjection hate.  
 Humblest when Rich, but peevish when they're Poor.  
 And think whate'er they have, they merit more.  
 Shamwhig pretends to have serv'd the Government,  
 But balk't of due Reward, turns Malecontent.  
 For English Christians always have regard  
 To future Recompences of Reward.  
 His forfeit Liberty they did restore,  
 And gave him Bread, which he had not before.  
 But True-Born English Shamwhig lets them know,  
 His Merit must not lie neglected so.  
 As Proud as Poor, his Masters he'll defy;  
 And writes a Pietous, Satyr upon Honesty.  
 Some think the Poem had been pretty good,  
 If he the Subject had but understood.  
 He got Five hundred Peace by this, and more,  
 As sure as he had ne'er a Groat before.  
 In Bus'nels next some Friends of his employ'd  
 And there he prov'd that Fame had not beloy'd him.  
 His Benefactors quickly he abused,  
 And falsly to the Government accus'd:  
 But they, defended by their Innocence,  
 Ruin'd the Traytor in their own Defence.  
 Thus kick'd about from Pillars unto Posts,  
 He whets his Pen against the Lord of Hosts:  
 Burlesques his God and King in Paltry Rhimes:  
 Against the Dutch turns Champion for the Times  
 And huffs the King, upon that very score,  
 On which he Panegyrick't him before.  
 Unhappy England hast thou none but such,  
 To plead thy Scoundrel Cause against the Dutch.  
 This moves their Scorn, and not their Indignation  
 He that Lampoons the Dutch, Burlesques the Nation.  
 The meanest English Plowman studies Law,  
 And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe:  
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,  
 And sometimes punish their Omissions too.  
 Their Liberry and Property's so dear,  
 They scorn their Laws or Governors to fear:  
 So bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,  
 They can't submit to their own Liberty.  
 Restraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wife;  
 But Englishmen do all Restraint despise,  
 Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,  
 The Mob are Statelemen, and their Statelemen Sots.  
 Their Governours they count such dangerous  
 That 'tis their custom to affront their Kings:

So jealous of the Power their Kings possess'd,  
 They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest  
 The Bad with constant Clamors they pursue;  
 The Good with Force they eagerly subdue;  
 And did King Jesus reign, they'd murmur too.  
 A discontented Nation, and by far  
 Harder to rule in Times of Peace than War:  
 Easily set together by the Ears,  
 And full of causeless Jealousies and Fears:  
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,  
 And never are contented when they're well.  
 No Government could ever please them long,  
 Could tie their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.  
 In this to Ancient Israel well compar'd,  
 Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,  
 Their Rights invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:  
 When nicely tender of their Liberty,  
 Lord! what a Noise they may of Slavery.  
 In daily Tumults show'd their Discontent;  
 Lampoon'd their King, mock'd his Government,  
 And if in Arms they did not first appear,  
 'Twas want of Force, and not for want of Fear.  
 In humbler Tone than English us'd to do,  
 At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.

William the Great Successor of Nassau,  
 Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:  
 He saw and sav'd them: God and Him they prais'd;  
 To This their Thanks, to That their Trophies rais'd.  
 But glutted with their own Felicities,  
 They soon their New Deliverer despise;  
 Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,  
 Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down:  
 Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung;  
 For Englishmen are ne'er contented long.

The Reverend Clergy too! and who'd but thought  
 That they who had such Non-Resistance taught,  
 Should e're to Arms against their Prince be brought  
 Who up to Heav'n did Regal Pow'r advance;  
 Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France.  
 Twisting Religion so with Loyalty,  
 As one could never live, and t'other dye.  
 And yet no sooner did their Prince design  
 Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine;  
 But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside;  
 The Clergy their own Principles deny'd:  
 Unpreach'd their Non-Resisting Cant, and pray'd  
 To Heav'n for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid.  
 The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,  
 And Pulpit-Champions aid the Cause maintain;  
 Flew in the face of all their former Zeal,  
 And Non-Resistance did at once appeal.

The Rabbies say it would be too prolix,  
 To tie Religion up to Politicks:  
 The Church's Safety is Suprema Lex,  
 And so by a new Figure of their own,  
 Do all their former Doctrines disown.  
 As Laws Force Facto in the Parliament,  
 In urgent Cases have obtain'd Assent;  
 But are as dangerous Presidents laid by;  
 Made lawful only by Necessity.

The Reverend Fathers then in Arms appear,  
 And Men of God became the Men of War.  
 The Nation, fir'd by them, to Arms apply;  
 Assault their Antichristian Monarchy;  
 To their due Channel all our Laws restore,

And made things what they shou'd ha' been before  
 But when they came to Fill the Vacant Throne  
 And the pale Priests look'd back on what they'd done  
 How English Liberty began to thrive,  
 And Church-of-England Loyalty out-live:  
 How all their Persecuting Days were done,  
 And their Deliverer plac'd upon the Throne:  
 The Priests, as Papists are wont to do, turn  
 They're Englishmen, and Nature will prevail,  
 Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made,  
 And Mourn for the Master they Betray'd.  
 Excuse those Crimes they cou'd not make him  
 And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.  
 Pretend they'd not but carry'd things so high,  
 And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.

Had the Prince done as they design'd the throne  
 Ha' set the Clergy up to rule the King;  
 Taken a Donative for coming hither,  
 And so but left their King and them together  
 We had, say they, been now a happy Nation.  
 No doubt we had seen a Blessed Reformation:  
 For Wise Men say 'tis as dangerous thing,  
 A Ruling Priest-hood, as a Priest-ridden King.  
 And of all Plagues with which Mankind are  
 Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the worst.

If all our former Grievances were feign'd  
 King James has been abus'd, and we trepan  
 Bugbear'd with Popery and Power Despotick  
 Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exoticke  
 The Revolution's a Phannatick Plot,  
 W—— a Tyrant, S—— a Sor:  
 A Factions Army and a Poison'd Nation,  
 Unjustly forc'd King James's Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights invade,  
 Then he was punish'd only, not betray'd:  
 And punishing of Kings is no such Crime,  
 But Englishmen but done it many a time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down  
 They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown  
 'Tis are Shadows, Crowns are empty things,  
 The Good of Subjects is the End of Kings;  
 To guide in War, and to protect in Peace:  
 Where Tyrants once commence, the Kings do cease  
 For Arbitrary Power's so strange a thing,  
 It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.  
 If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies reign,  
 And lawless Pow'r against their Oaths maintain  
 Then Subjects will have reason to complain.  
 If Oaths must bind us when our Kings do ill;  
 To call in Foreign Aid is to rebel.  
 By force to circumscribe our Lawful Prince,  
 Is wifful Treason in the largest Sense:  
 And they who once rebel, must certainly  
 Their God, and King, and former Oaths defy.  
 If we allow no Male-Administration  
 Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;  
 Let all our Learned Sons of Levity,  
 To Ecclesiastick Riddle to unity:  
 How they could make a Step to Call the Prince  
 And yet pretend to Oaths and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the sea  
 They're perjur'd in the most intense Degrees;  
 And without scruple for the time to come,  
 May swear to all the Kings in Christendom.  
 And truly did our Kings consider all,  
 They'd never let the Clergy swear at all:



## The True-Born Englishman.

## PART II.

been be  
 Thron  
 t they'd  
 ve :  
 one,  
 brone :  
 turn  
 prevail  
 made,  
 ay'd.  
 e him  
 fend.  
 so high  
 d the th  
 ;  
 together  
 Nation.  
 nation :  
 ing,  
 King.  
 and are  
 feign'd  
 trepan  
 despotic  
 Exotic  
 tion,  
 wade,  
 d :  
 me,  
 me.  
 st lay  
 the C  
 things,  
 ys ;  
 ace :  
 ings do  
 King.  
 s reign  
 mainta  
 plain.  
 do ill ;  
 Prince,  
 y  
 s defy  
 tion ;  
 e Prince  
 ce.  
 and the  
 egrees ;  
 me,  
 dom.

their Politick Allegiance they'd refuse ;  
 or Whores and Priests do never want excuse.  
 ut if the Mutual Contract was dissolv'd,  
 he Doubt's explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd :  
 hat Kings, when they descend to Tyranny,  
 dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.  
 he Govern't's ungirt when Justice dies,  
 nd Constitutions are Non-Entities.  
 he Nation's all a Mob, there's no such thing  
 s Lords or Commons, Parliament or King.  
 great promiscuous Crowd the Hydra lies,  
 ll Laws revive, and mutual Contract ties :  
 Chas free to chuse for their own share,  
 hat Case of Government they please to wear :  
 to a King they do the Reins commit,  
 Men are bound in Conscience to submit :  
 ut then that King must by his Oath assent  
 Postulata's of the Government ;  
 hich if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,  
 nd Power retreats to its Original.  
 This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,  
 om Nature's Universal Parliament.  
 e Voice of Nations, and the Course of Things,  
 low that Laws superior are to Kings.  
 ne but Delinquents would have Justice cease,  
 aves rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Peace :  
 Justice is the End of Government,  
 Reason is the Test of Argument,  
 No Man was ever yet so void of Sense,  
 to debate the Right of Self-Defence ;  
 Principle so grafted in the Mind,  
 ith Nature born, and does like Nature bind :  
 ist with Reason, and with Nature too ;  
 neither one nor t'other can undo.  
 Nor can this Right be less when National ;  
 ason which governs one, should govern all.  
 ate'er the Dialect of Courts may tell,  
 that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel.  
 hich Right, if 'tis by Governors deny'd,  
 y be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid..  
 Tyranny's a Nation's Term for Grief ;  
 Folks cry Fire, to hasten in Relief.  
 d when the hated word is heard about,  
 men shou'd come to help the People out.  
 us England groan'd, Britannia's Voice was heard  
 d Great Nassau to rescue her appear'd :  
 d by the Universal Voice of Fate ;  
 d and the People's Legal Magistrate.  
 Heav'n's regard ! Almighty Jove look down,  
 d view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.  
 their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,  
 o sought his Aid, and then his part forsak.  
 tness, ye Powers ! it was Our Call alone,  
 ch now our Pride makes us sham'd to own.  
 annia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,  
 court the dreadful Casualties of War :  
 where Requitul never can be made,  
 knowledgment's a Tribute seldom paid.  
 He dwelt in Bright Maria's Circling Arms,  
 ended by the Magick of her Charms,  
 m Foreign Fears, and fr'm Domestick Harms.  
 bitious found no Fuel for her Fire,  
 bad what God cou'd give, or Man desire.  
 Pi v roux'd him from his soft Repose,  
 Life to unseen Hazards to expose :  
 tny mov'd him in our Cause 't appear ;

Pity ! that Word which now we hate to bear.  
 But English Gratitude is always such,  
 To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,  
 And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent :  
 His boding Thoughts foretold him he should find  
 The People Fickle, Selfish, and Unkind.  
 Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear  
 More dreadful than the Dangers of the War :  
 For nothing grates a Generous Mind so soon,  
 As base Returns for hearty Service done.

Satyr be silent, awfully prepare  
 Britannia's Song, and William's Praise to hear  
 Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse  
 Her Grateful Vows in her Immortal Verse,  
 Loud Fames's Eternal Trumpet let her sound ;  
 Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round.  
 May the strong Blast the welcome News convey  
 As far as Sound can reach, or Spirit fly.  
 To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be, relate  
 Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to imitate.  
 To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse :  
 For Spirits without the helps of Voice converse.  
 May Angels hear the gladfome News on high,  
 Mixt with their everlasting Symphony.  
 And Hell it self stand in suspense to know  
 Whether it be the Fatal Blast, or no.

### B R I T A N N I A.

The Fame of Virtue 'tis for which I sound,  
 And Hero's with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.  
 Fame built on solid Virtue swifter flies,  
 Than Morning Light can spread my Eastern Skies  
 The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,  
 And loud repeating Thunders force it round :  
 Echoes return from Caverns of the Deep :  
 Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep.  
 Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,  
 From whence it never, never shall return,  
 Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long ;  
 'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue

My Hero, with the Sails of Honour furld,  
 Rides like the Great Genius of the World.  
 By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be  
 The Soul of War, an' Life of Victory.  
 He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,  
 And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.  
 Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Brow,  
 Fresh as the Garlands he has worn but now.  
 By different Steps the high Ascent he gains,  
 And differently that high Ascent maintains.  
 Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make War,  
 And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.  
 Some fight for Name, and some by Victory.  
 He Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Then seek no Phraise his Titles to conceal,  
 And hide with Words what Actions must reveal.  
 No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take,  
 Of God-like Kings ray Similies to make :  
 No borrow'd Names conceal my living Theam ;  
 But Names and Things directly I proclaim.  
 'Tis honest Merit does his Glory raise ;  
 Whom that exalts, let no man fear to praise.  
 Of such a Subject no man need be shy ;  
 Virtue's above the Reach of Flattery.  
 He needs no Character but his own Name,



Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.  
*William's* the Name that's spoke by ev'ry Tongue:  
*William's* the Darling Subject of my Song.  
 Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,  
 And in Eternal Dances hand it round:  
 Four early Offerings to this Altar bring;  
 Make him at once a Lover and a King.  
 May he submit to none but to your Arms,  
 Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your Charms.  
 May your soft Thoughts for him be all sublime,  
 And ev'ry tender Vow be made for him.  
 May he be first in ev'ry Morning-Thought,  
 And Heav'n ne'er hear a Pray'r where he's left out.  
 May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,  
 Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name.  
 May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,  
 And guard you from the Terrors of the Night.  
 May ev'ry cheerful Glas as it goes down  
 To *William's* Health, be Cordials to your own.  
 Let ev'ry Song be Chorust with his Name.  
 And Mulick pay her Tribute to his Fame.  
 Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse,  
 And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rehearse.  
 And may *Apollo* never more inspire  
 The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick Fire.  
 May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay;  
 His Praises sing, and for his Safety pray.

*Satyr* return to our Unthankful Isle,  
 Secur'd by Heav'n's Regard, and *William's* Toil.  
 To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue,  
 Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.

If e'er this Nation be distress'd again,  
 To whomsoever they cry, they'll cry in vain.  
 So Heav'n thy can cannot have the face to look:  
 Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke.  
 To hope for help from Man would be too much,  
 Mankind would always tell 'em of the Dutch:  
 How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,  
 Were Paid, and Curs'd, and Hurry'd home again.  
 How by their Aid we first dissolv'd our Fears,  
 And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.  
 'Tis not our English Temper to do better;  
 For Englishmen think ev'ry man their Debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd  
 Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,  
 Till all their Services were at an end.  
 Wise men affirm it is English way,  
 Never to Grumble till they come to Pay;  
 And then they always think their Temper's such,  
 The Work too little, and the Pay too much.  
 As frighted Patients, when then they want a Cure  
 Bid any Price, and any Pain endure:  
 But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,  
 The Cure's too Ealy, and the Price too Dear.  
 Great *Portland* ne'er was banter'd, when he strove  
 For Us his Master's kindest Thoughts to move.  
 We ne'er lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd  
 King *James's* Secret Council to divide:  
 Then we carelefs'd him as the only Man,  
 Which could the Doubtful Oracle explain:  
 The only *Huzha* able to repell  
 The Dark Designs of our *Acbitophel*,  
 Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Sense;  
 The Ablest Statesman, and the Bravest Prince.  
 On his Wise Conduct we depended much,  
 And like him ne'er the worse for being Dutch.

Nor was he valued more than he deserv'd;  
 Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he serv'd,  
 In all King *William's* Dangers he has shar'd;  
 In *England's* Quarrels always he appear'd:  
 The Revolution first, and then the *Boyne*;  
 In Both his Counsels and his Conduct shine,  
 His Martial Valour *Flanders* will confess:  
 And *France* Regrets his Managing the Peace,  
 Faithful *Engand's* Interest and her King:  
 The greatest Reason of our Murmuring.  
 Ten Years in English Service he appear'd,  
 And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard  
 But 'tis not *Englands* Custom to Reward,  
 The Wars are over, *England* needs him not:  
 Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows who.  
*Sconbergh*, the Ablest Soldier of his Age,  
 With Great *Nassau* did in our Cause engage:  
 Both join'd for *England's* Rescue and Defence,  
 The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.  
 With what applause his Stories did we tell?  
 Stories which *Europe's* Volumes largely swell.  
 We counted him an Army in our Aid:  
 Where he commanded, no man was afraid.  
 His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,  
 From *Villa-Vitiosa* to the *Rhine*.

*France*, *Flanders*, *Germany*, his Fame confess:  
 And all the World was fond of him, but Us.  
 Our turn first serv'd, we grudg'd him the command  
 Witness the Grateful Temper of the Land.

We blame the King—that he relies too much  
 On Strangers, *Germans*, *Hugonots*, and *Dutch*  
 And seldom does his great Affairs of State,  
 To English Counsellors communicate.  
 The Fact might very well be answer'd thus,  
 He has so often been betray'd by us,  
 He must have been a Madman to rely  
 On English G——ns Fidelity.  
 For laying other Arguments aside,  
 This Thought might mortify our English Pride,  
 That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,  
 And none but Englishmen have e'er betray'd him.  
 They have our Ships & Merchants bought & sold,  
 And barter'd English Blood for Foreign Gold.  
 First to the French they sold our *Turkey-Fleet*,  
 And Injur'd *Tarlmash* next at *Carmaret*.  
 The King himself is shelter'd from their Snare  
 Not by his Merit, but the Crown he wears.  
 Experience tells us 'tis the English way  
 Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be too remote,  
 A Modern Magistrate of Famous Note,  
 Shall give you his own History by wrote.  
 I'll make it out, deny it he that can,  
 His Worship is a True-born Englishman,  
 In all the Latitude that Empty Word  
 By Modern Accepration's understood.  
 The Parish-Books his Great Descent record,  
 And now he hopes e'er long to be a Lord.  
 And truly as things go, it wou'd be pity  
 But such as he bore Office in the City:  
 While Robb'ry for Burat-Offering he brings,  
 And gives to God what he has stole from Kings  
 Great Monuments of Charity he raises,  
 And good *St. Magnus* whistles out his Praises  
 To City-Gaols he grants a Jubilee,  
 And hires *Huzza's* from his own Mobile.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Gown,  
With which Equipt he thus harangu'd the Town.

Mr C——s D——'s Fine  
speech, &c.

With Clouted Iron Shoes & Sheepskin Breeches,  
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt

(than Riches :  
From driving Cows and Calves to Layton-Market,  
While of my Greatness there appear'd no Spark  
(yet,

Behold I come, to let you see the Bride  
With which Exalted Beggars always ride.  
Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,  
The Cart-whip grace't me as the Chain do's now.  
Fate and Fate in doubt what course to take,  
Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plough-Boy make ;  
And at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,  
And first a Knave, and then a Knight they vote me.  
That Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,  
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care,  
To fit me for what they design'd to have me,  
And ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.  
And thus Equipt, to this Proud Town I came,  
In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.  
And to my future Fate, an humble Boy,  
Free from the Guilt and Glory I enjoy.  
The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,  
Were in the Name of Foot-Boy all contain'd.  
The Greatest Heights from Small Beginnings rise,  
The Gods were great on Earth, before they reach'd  
(the Skies.

But well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,  
Was always to be bountiful inclin'd,  
Neither by his Ill Fate or Fancy led,  
It took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread.  
The little Services he put me to,  
And Labours rather than were truly so,  
Were always my Advancement he design'd,  
'Twas his very Nature to be kind,  
His Soul, his Temper ever Free,  
The best of Masters and of Men to me.  
I who was before decreed by Fate  
To be made Infamous as well as Great,  
Whom an obsequious Diligence obey'd him,  
Trusted with his All, and then betray'd him.  
All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,  
And his Fortunes to erect my own.  
Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin  
His at that Hand first which took them in.  
His eager Treach'ry I his Fall pursu'd,  
And first my Trophies were Ingratitude.  
Ingratitude's the worst of Human Guilt,  
The basest Action Mankind can commit :  
Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,  
Least the Honour, and of Guilt the most.  
Distinguish'd from all other Crimes by this,  
'Tis a Crime which no man will confess.

That Sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiven  
On Earth, altho perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefactor I o'reshrew,  
And how shou'd I be to a second true ?  
The Publik Trust came next into my Care,  
And I to use them scurvily prepare :  
My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,  
And Lent him a Thousand of his own :  
For which, great Int'rests I took care to charge,  
And so my ill-got Wealth became so large.

My Predecessor Judas was a Fool,  
Fitter to ha' been whipt, and sent to School,  
Than Sell a Saviour : Had I been at hand,  
His Master had not been so cheap Trepann'd.  
I wou'd ha' made the eager Jews ha' found,  
For Thirty Pieces, Thirty thousand Pound.

My Cousin Ziba, of Immortal Fame,  
(Ziba and I shall never want a Name : )  
First-born of Treason, nobly did advance  
His Master's Fall, for his Inheritance.  
By whose keen Arts old David first began  
To break his Sacred Oath to Jonathan :  
The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth  
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath.  
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,  
Yet Ziba might ha' been inform'd by me :  
Had I been there, he ne'er had been content  
With half th' Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,  
That I of all mankind should like the Change :  
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,  
That in it I did my Old Game pursue :  
Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,  
Which ne'er was lost, yet never cou'd be found.

Thus all things in their turn to Sale I bring,  
God and my Master first, and then the King :  
Till by successful Villanies made bold,  
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold :

And so to Forg—y my Hand I beat,  
Not doubting I could gull the Government :  
But there was ruff'd by the Parliament.  
And if I escap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,  
'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my \* Old Friend, who printed in my Face  
A needful Competence of English Brass, The De.  
Having more business yet for me to do, (vil.  
And loth to lose his Trusty Servant so,  
Manag'd the matter with such Art and Skill,  
As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the R—l.

And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,  
For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors :  
Knighted, and made a Tribune of the People,  
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well :  
The Custos Rotulorum of the City,  
And Captain of the Guards of their Banditti.  
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I declare  
Against the Needy Debtor open War.  
I bang poor Thieves for stealing of your Pelf,  
And suffer none to rob you but my self.

The King commanded me to help Reform ye,  
And how I'll do't, Miss———shall inform ye.  
I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,

*The True-Born English*

And hope in time to bring it into Fashion.  
No *Brimstone-Whore* need fear the Lash from me,  
That part I'll leave to Brother *Jeffery*.  
Our Gallants need not go abroad to *Rome*,  
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at home.  
Whoring's a Darling of my Inclination;  
*Ain't I a Magistrate for Reformation?*  
For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Bard,  
For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a just Reward.  
In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,  
And hit'd Gaol-birds their Huzza's repeat.  
Some Charities contriv'd to make a show.  
Have taught the Needy Rabble to do so:  
Whose empty Noise is a Mechannick Fame,  
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

*The Conclusion.*

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,  
Or Deeds of Heroes done in days of *Yore*,  
In latent Records of the Ages past,  
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd.  
For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,  
The Merit with the Families would end:  
And Intermixtures would most fatal grow;  
For Vice would be Hereditary too;  
The Tainted Blood wou'd of necessity,  
In voluntary Wickedness convey.  
Vice, like Ill Nature for an Age or two,  
May seem a Generation to pursue;  
But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed,  
Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.  
What is't to us, what Ancestors we had?  
If Good, what better? or what worse, if Bad?  
Examples are for Imitation set,  
Yet all Men follow Virtue with-Regret.  
Cou'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,  
And see their Offspring thus degenerate;  
How we contend for Birth and Names unknown,  
And build on their past Actions, not our own;  
They'd cancel Records, and their Tombs deface,  
And openly disown the vile degenerate Race:  
For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,  
*'Tis Personal Vertue only makes us great.*

F I N I S.



Printed in the Year 1701.